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CANADIAN : SERIES : OF : BOOKLETS

LOW TIDE :

— ON —
: : GRAND-PRE

BY

BLISS CARMEN

Fredericton, N.B.

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THE COPP, CLARK COMPANY, Limited, TORONTO

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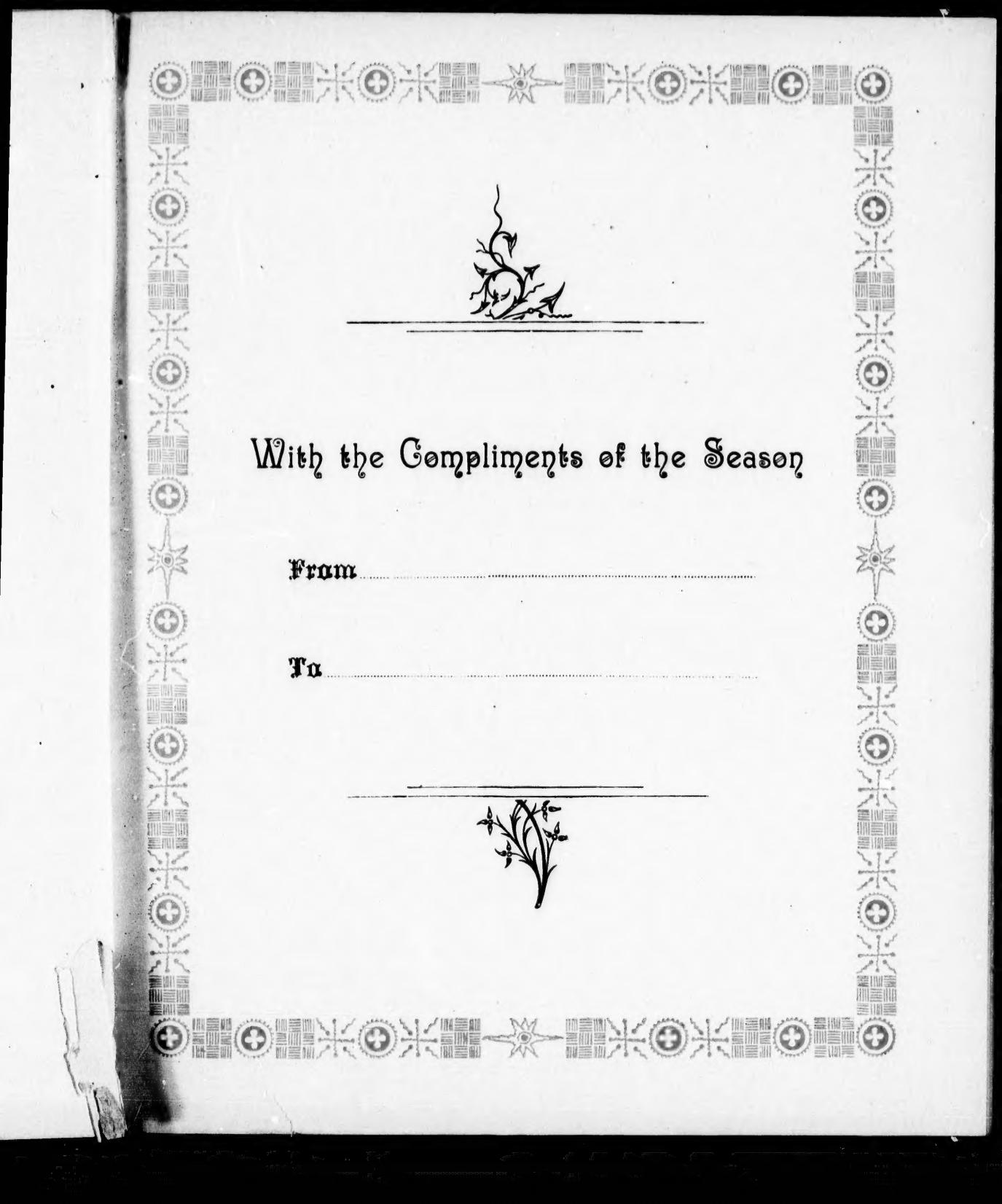
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THE COPP, CLARK COMPANY, Limited, TORONTO

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With the Compliments of the Season

From

To





Low Tide on Grand-Pré





The sun goes down, and over all
These barren reaches by the tide

Such unelusive glories fall,
I almost dream they yet will bide
Until the coming of the tide.



And yet I know that not for us,

By any ecstasy of dream,

He injures to keep luminous

A little while the previous stream,

Which frets, uncomforted of dream.



in your dream, that to me it
is through the fields of Gath,
I am wandering, as if to know
why on beloved face should I
be long from home and friends!



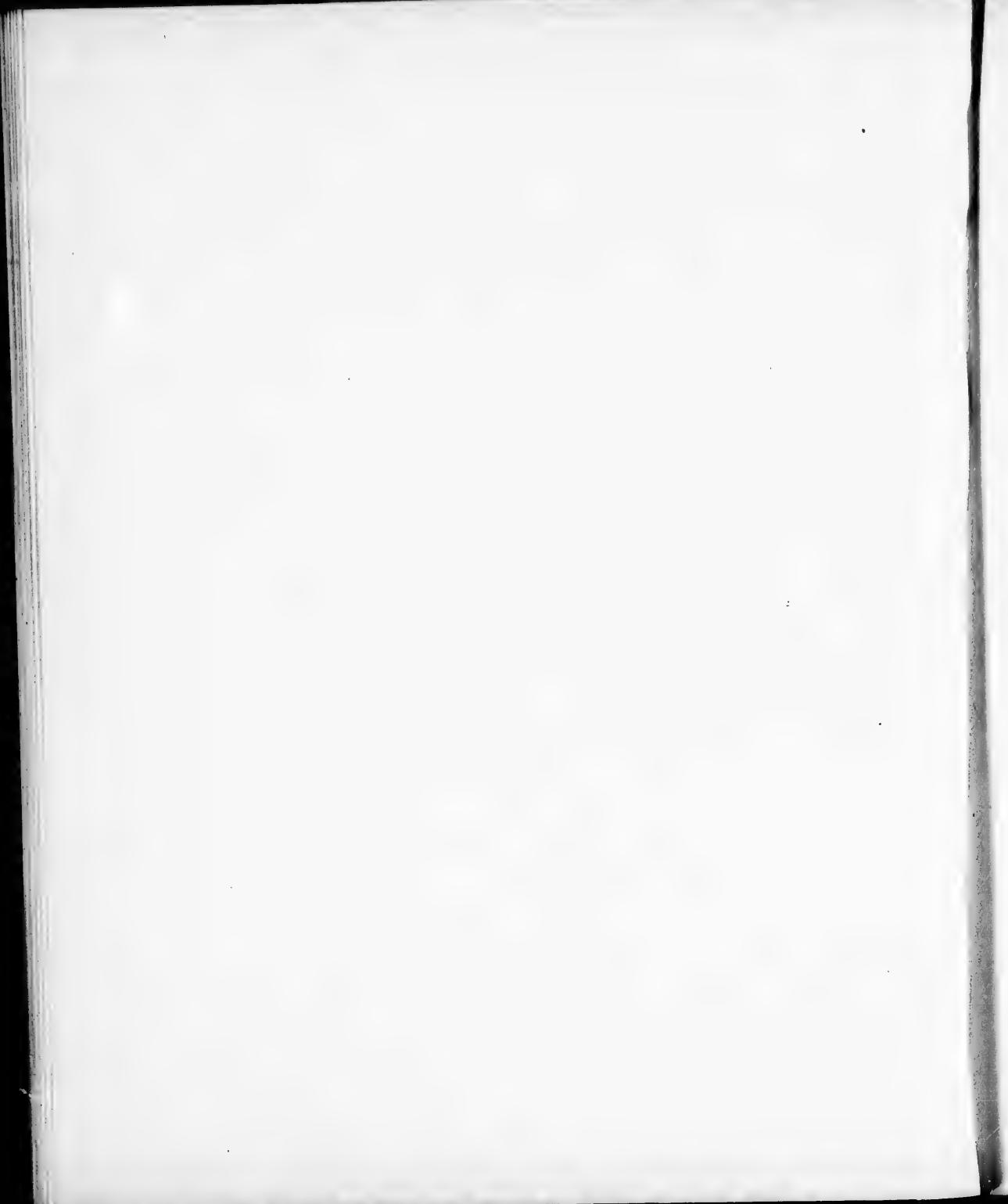
When it is year or five old,
He took the paper in our hands,
He caught the summer flying low,
Over the window, meadow bays,
And held it over between his hands.



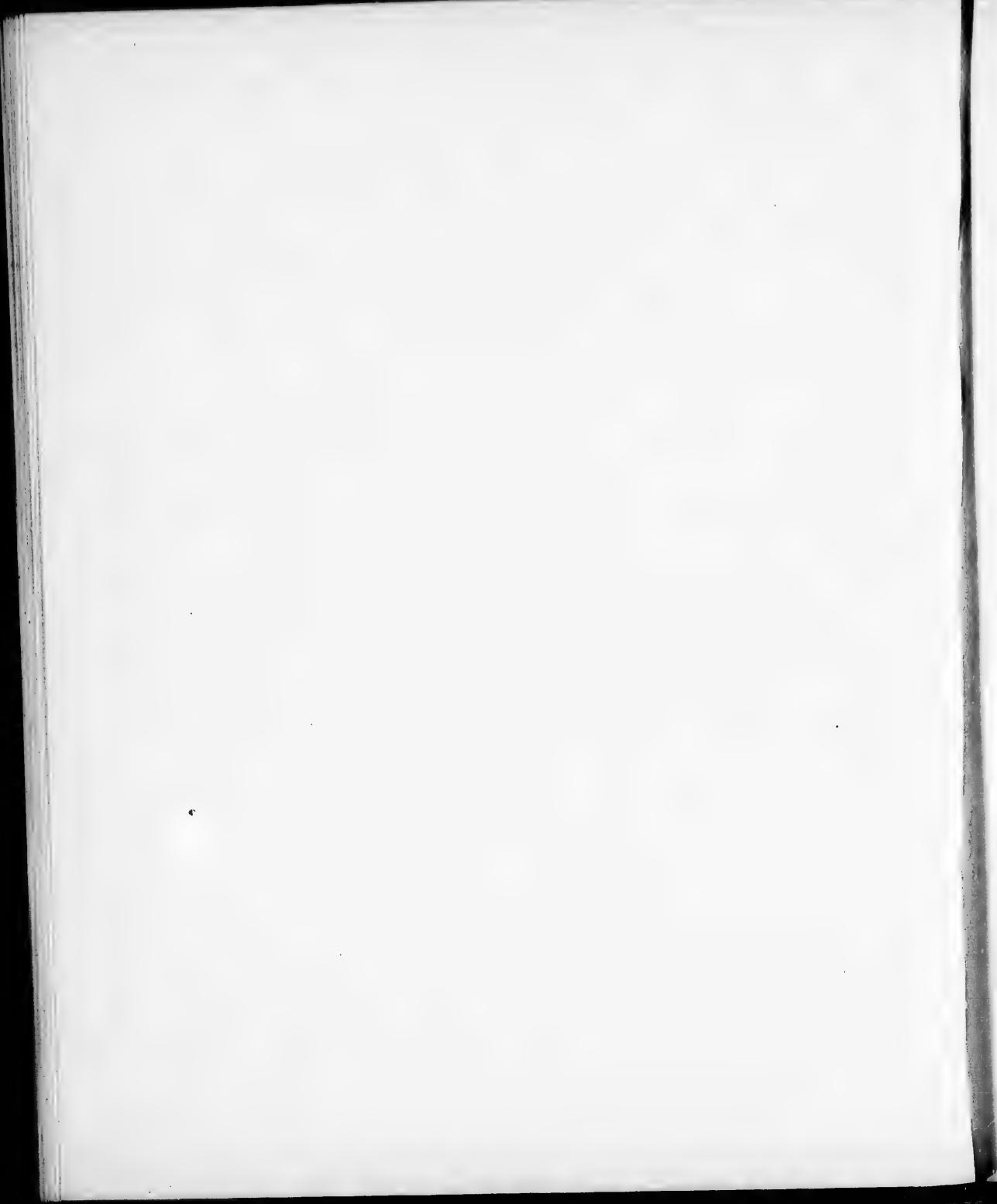
While the river at our feet
A drowsy inland meadow stream
It set off in the after-heat
Made running gouts, and in the gloom
We freed our birch upon the stream.



Where down among the elms at dusk
We lifted dripping blades to drift,
Through twilight scented fine like musk,
Where night and gloom awhile uplift,
Nor wander soul and poet adrift.



And that we took into our hands
Spirit of life or gather thin;
Breathed on us there, and loosed the
hands
Of death, and taught us whence lies
The secret of some wonder-life.



With all your face in sunlight, we go on
To hold the shadow of the forest.
The evening faltered, and I wanted
That time when there was only the light,
Their whirling, whirling, underneath the sun,



Saints give us all hope,
And fear and memory, we can't;
One to remember or forget
We keep delight our banks and walls;
Yesterdays and tomorrow's days.



*

The night has fallen, and the tide
Now and again comes drifting home,
Across these aching barrens wide,
A sigh like driven wind or foam:
In grief the flood is bursting home.

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